way with him that I could not long resist, and he presently cowed me and sent me off.

I had so far fallen into his sneaking habits that though it was dark night when I started I went the furthest way round by Holborn and the new fashionable quarter Soho; and passign through King's square itself, and before the late Duke of Monmouth's house, the sight of which did not lessen my distaste for my rand, entered Covent Garden by James street, which comes into the square between the two piazzas. At the co-ner I had to turn into the roadway to avoid a party of roisterers who had just issued from the Nag's Head coffee house and were roaring for a coach; and being once in the kennel and observing under the piazza and before the taverns more lights and link boys than I liked, I continued along the gutter, dirty as it was and always is in the neighborhood of the market, until I had come some way into the square, where I could turn and reconnoitre at my leisure. Here for a moment, running my eye along the piazza which had its usual fringe of flower girls and mumpers, swearing porters, and hackney coaches. I thought my man with the white handkerchief had not come, but shifting my gaze to the little plazza, on the other side of James street, which was darker and less frequented. I presently espled him walking to and fro under cover, with a cane in his hand and the air of a gentleman who had supped and was looking out for a pretty girl. He was a tall, stout man, wearing a large black periwig and a lace cravat and ruffles, and he carried a steel-hilted sword and had somehow the bearing of one who had seen service abroad.

Satisfied that he was the person I wanted. I went to him, but, stepping up to him a little

Satisfied that he was the person I wanted,

I went to him, but, stepping up to him a little hashly, I took him by surprise. I suppose, for he backed from me and laid his hand on his hilt, rapping out an oath. However, a clearer

view reassured him, and he cocked his hat and swore at me again, but in a different tone. "Sir," said he very rudely, "another time give a gentleman a wider berth unless you want his cane about your shoulders!"
For answer I merely pulled out the note I had and held it toward him without a word.

had and held it toward him without a word, being accustomed to such erands and anxious to do it and begone, the more as under the great plazza a number of persons were loitering, and among them link boys and chair men and the like who notice everything.

However, he made no movement to take it, but only said, "For me!"

"Yes," I answered.

"From whom!" said he roughly.

"You will learn that inside." I said. "I was bidden only to say that Roberts and Guiney are good men."

moment, whether he be whom you think him or not."

I was as uneasy and as unwilling to stay as could be, but the man's tone was resolute, and I saw he was not a man to cross; so, with an ill grace. I consented, and the two, drawing aside together into the deeper shadow under the plazza, began to confer. This left me to kick my heels impatiently, and watch out of the corner of my eye the loiferers under the other plazza, to learn if any observed us. Fortunately they were taken up with a quarrel which had just broken out between two hackney coachmen, and, though a man came near me, bringing a woman, he had no eyes for me, and, calling a sedan chair, went away again almost immediately.

(To be confinued.)

"SHREWSBURY."

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. Copyright 1897 by Stanley J. Weyman,

CHAPTER XII.

I suppose that there never was an abrupt change in the government of a nation more enaugh than our great revolution. But it is the way of the pendulum to swing back; and it was not long before those who had been most deeply concerned in the event began to reflect and compare; nor, with the example before them of the civil war and the consequent restoration—that great warning against rebellion—being also persons bred for the most part in an atmosphere of divine right and passive obedience, whether they had imbibed these doctrines or not, was it wonderful if a proportion of them soon turned to repenting at leisure what they had done in haste. The late King's harsh and implacable temper and the severity with which he had suppressed one rising were not calculated to reassure men when they began to doubt. The possibility of his return hung over the more timid as a thick cloud, while the favors which the new King showered on his Dutch advisers, the wretched state of the coin and of trade and the many disasters that attended the first years of the new Government were sufficient to shake the confidence and chill the bearts even of the stoutest and

So bad did things become that it was more than once rumored that King William would abdicate; and this aggravating the general uncertainty, many in high places spent their days in a dreadful looking forward to judgment, nor ever I believe slept without dreaming of Tower Hill, the axe and the sawdust. The natural resu While many hastened in secret to make their peace with St. Germains, others either as a matter of conscience or because they felt that they had offended too deeply remained constant, but perceiving treachery in the air, and themselves beset with the daily fear of invasion, breathed nothing but threats and denunciations against the seceders. Hence a period of plots and counterplots, of perjury

sear of invasion, breathed nothing but threats and deduciations against the seceders. Hence a period of plots and counterplots, of perjudy and intrigue, of denunciations and accusations real and feigned, such as I believe no other country has ever known, the Jacobites considering a restoration certain and the time only doubtful, while the Whigs lin their hearts were inclined to agree with them and feared the worst.

During seven such years I worked on quietly with Mr. Brome, who, partly, I think, because he had come to his political bearings late in life, and partly because the Tories and Jacobites already had a newwriter in the notorious Mr. Dyer-to whose letters Mr. Dryden, it was said would sometimes contribute—remained steadfast in his Whig opinions, and did no little in the country parts to lessen the stir which the non-sulvy busy and honorably employed—not that my style made any noise in the coffee houses, which was scarcely to be expected, since it all passed for Mr. Brome.—I began to regard my life before I came to London as a nutyl dream. It had left me, however, with two proclivities which are not common at the age which I had then reached; the one a love of solitude and a retired life, which, imposed on me at first by my fear of detection, grew by and by into a habit, the other an averseness for women that amounted a middle of the common at the age which I had then reached; the one a love of solitude and a retired life, which, imposed on me at first by my fear of detection, grew by and by into a habit, the other an averseness for women that amounted and the first parts of the houses, between the Fleet prison and st. Duntan's Church.

Partly out of fear and partly out of a deerer to cut myself off from my former life, I made myself known to no, one in Hertforthire, but some five years after my arrival in London, having a sudden craving to see my mother, I waiked down one Sunday to Epping. There, unking cautious indurines of the Hishop Storidford carries. I haden on the proposal content of the country

deceived me, I was not likely to hear; but there was one, and he the only stranger who ante Londinum had shown me kindness, whose made my pen was frequently called on to transcribe, and whose fame was even in those days in all men's moutins. With a thrill of pleasure I heard that my Lord Shrewsbury had been one of the seven, withail the youngest, to sign the invitation, then that the King had named him one of the two Secretaries of State; and then, after two years, during which his doings filled more and more of the public ear, so that he stood for the Government, that he had suddenly and mysteriously resigned all his offices and retired into the country. Yet later in the same year, in the said days which followed the defeat of Beachy Head, when a French fleet Sailed the Channel, and in the King's absence the most confident qualied, I heard that he had ridden post to Kenaington to place his sword and purse at the Queen's feet; and then again, but not until 1694, when three years of silence had obscured his memory. I heard with pleasure, and the world with surprise, that he had accepted his old office and stood higher than ever in the King's favor. The next year Queen Mary died. This, as it left only the king's life between the Jacobites and a restoration, increased as well their activity as the precautions of the Government, whose most difficult task lay in sifting the wheat from the chaff and discerning between the flections of a crowd of false witnesses, who througed the Secretary's office and lived by this new trade, and the genuine disclosures of their own spies and informers. In the prearrious position in which the Government stood they dared neglect nothing, nor even stand on acrupies. In moments of airm, therefore, it was no uncommon thing to close the gates and prosecute a house to house search for Jacobites, the most notorious being seized and the addresses of the less dangerous taken. One of these searches which surprised the city in the month of December, '95, had for me results so important that I m deceived me, I was not likely to hear; but

ment. I propose, therefore, to stand behind the curtain of your bed. Your room will not be searched, nor shall I be found if you play your part. If you fall to play it, then I shall be taken, but you, my dear friend, will not see it." He said the last words with another of his terrible grins, and tapped the barrel of his pistol with so much meaning that I felt the blood leave my checks. He took this for a proof of his prowess, and nodding, as well content, he stood for a moment in the middle of the floor to listen. Yet with the tail of his eye on me. He had no reason to watch me, however, for I was unarmed and cowed besides; nor had we stood many reconds before a noise of voices and we agoon many reconds before a noise of voices and we agoon many reconds before a noise of voices and we agoon with the trampling of feet broke out on the stairs, and at once confirmed his story and proved the urgency of his need. Apparently he was aware of the course things would take, and that the constables and messengers would first search the lower floors; for instead of betaking himself forthwith to his place of hiding, he looked cunningly round the chamber, and roughly bade me sit down to my papers. "Do you say at once that you are Mr. Brome's writer?" he continued with an oath; "and remember, my man, betray me by a word or sign and I strew your brains on the floor!"

After that threat, and though he went then and hid his hateful face—which alreasty filled me with fear and repugnance beyond description—behind the curtain, where, between bed and wall, there was a slender space, I had much ado to keep my seat and my self-control. In the silence which now filled the room I could hear his breathing, and I felt sure that the searchers must hear it also when they entered or issued from the your braid of his statement that he was a Nonjuring parson; but deemed him some desperate highwayman or plotter, whose presence in my room, should he be discovered, and should I by good luck escape his malice, would land me at the best in Bridewe

search party entered or issued from the successive rooms.

In my chamber, with its four whitewashed walis and few sticks of furniture there was but one place where a man could stand and be unseen, and that was behind the curtain. The most heedless messenger must search there, I thought, and listening to the steps ascending to the last flight, I was in an agony, foreseeing the moment when the constable would carciessly and perfunctorily draw the curtain—and the flash, the report, the cry. the mad struggle up and down the room which would follow.

So strong was this impression that though I had been waiting minutes for it, when the summons came and a hand struck my door, I could not at once find voice to speak. The latch was up and the door half open when I cried "Enter!" and rose.

cautious inquiries of the Bishop Stordford carrier. I heard of her death, and on the return journey burst once into a great fit of weeping at the thought of some kind word or other she had speken to me. But with that tribute to nature I dismissed my family, and even that good friend from my mind, going back; to my lodging with a contentment which this glimpse of my farmer life wondrously augmented.

Of Mr. D. or of the cruel woman who had deceived me, I was not likely to hear; but

CHAPTER XIII.

taken any step toward the execution of my design.

Still, what I held was but a piece of paper
bearing a me ge from a man proceribed, who
dared not show his face where I stood. A word
to the doorkeepers, and I might even now go in
and lay my information. But the man's omniscience cowed my spirit, terrified me, and broke
me down. Assured that whatever I did or
wherever I went he would know and be warned
in time, and I gain by my information nothing
but the name of a gull or a cheat, I turned
from the door. Then, seeing that the girl
waited, "There is no answer." I said.

"Will you please to go to the gentleman!"
quoth she.

You'll be hanged! I arised, furiously. "And God grant that I may be there to see it."

"You will that," he answered, with composure, "Make your mind easy, for trust me, if I am in the first cart, you'll be in the second! That is my security, friend Dick, If I go, you see. Who carried the letters from France to Mr. Warmaky's chambers, I would like to know! And who—but the cause! he continued, breaking off. "The cause! To business and no more havers. Here's work for you. You shall go, do you hear me, Richard, to Covent Garden, to the piazza there, in half an hour's time. It will be full dark then. You will see there a fine gentleman walking up and down, taking his to-bacco, with a white handkerchief hanging from his pocket. You will give him that note and say. Roberts and Guiney are good men, say that and no more, and come back to me."

I answered at first, being in a rase, and not liking the sound of this errand better than that of others I had done for him, that I would not.—I would not, though be killed me; but he had a way with him that I could not long resist, and I had so far fallen into his sneaking habits that though it was dark night when I started.

but the name of a gulf or a cheat, I turned from the door. Then, seeing that the girl waited, "There is no answer," I said.

"Will you please to go to the gentlemant" quoth she.

My law dropped. "God forbid!" I said, beginning to tremble.

"I think you had better," said she.

"I think you had better," said she.

And this time there was that in her voice roused doubts in me and made me waver, lest what I had done prove insufficient, and he betray me, though I refrained from informing. Sullenly, therefore, and after a moment's thought, I asked her where he was.

"I am not to tell you," she answered. "You can come with me if you please."

"Go on," I said.

She cast a glance, I thought, at the group about the office, then turned and, walking rapidly north by Charing Cross, led me through St. Martin's lane and Bedford Bury to Covent Garden. Skirting this, she threaded Hart street and Red Lion court, and crossing Drury lane conducted me by Duke street into Lincoln's Inn fields, where she turned sharply to the left and through Ralph court to the Turnstile, Seeing that she lingered here and from time to time tooked back, I fancied that we were near our destination; but starting afresh, she led me along Holborn and through Staple Inn. Presently it struck me that we were near Bride lane, and I cried: "He is in my room?"

"Yes, 'she said gravely and without explanation. "If he please you will find him there.' And without more she sizned to me to go on and disappeared herself in the mouth of an alley by Green's Hents.

It did please him. When I entered I found him sitting on my table swinging his legs and humming an air; and with so devilish a look of malice and triumph on his face as sent my heart into my boots. Notwithstanding, for a while it was his humor not to speak to me but to leer at me askance out of the corners of his eyes, and keep me on tenterhooks, expecting what he wash is humor not to speak to me but to leer at me askance out of the corners of his eyes, and keep me on tenterhooks, expecting what he asked aft

"And why not!" he cried. "And why not, you spawn of Satant"
"I got your note." I said.
"Oh, you got my note. he whimpered, dropping his voice and mocking my alarm. "Your lordship got my note, did you! And if you had not got my note you would have informed, would you! You would have informed and sent me to the gallows, would you! Answer. Answer, or.
"Yes!" I cried, in an agony of terror, for he was bringing the pistel nearer and nearer to my face while his dingers toyed with the trigger, and at any moment I thought he might press it too sharply.

"Come here." he cried, "or, by ____. I we shoot you! For the last time, come here!", I will

shoot you! For the last time, come here!".

I went hearer.

"Oh, but I would like to see you in the boot," he said. "It would be the finest sight! It would not need the turn of a screw to make you rry out! And mind you," he continued, suddenly seizing my ear in his great hand and twisting it until I screamed, "in a boot of some kind or other I shall have you if you play me false! Lo you understand, eh! Do you understand, you sheep in wolf's clothing?"

"Yes!" I cried. "Yes, yes!" He had forced me to my knees and brought his cruel, sneering face close to mine.

Test of the country o

Part VIII. CHAPTER XIV.

through the Secretary's office and lived by this new trade, and the genuine disclosures of their own spies and informers. In the presentions on their the Government source of their own spies and informers. In the presentions on their the Government source of their own spies and informers. In the presentions on their the Government source of their own spies and informers. In the present of their own spies and informers. In the present of their own spies and informers. In the present of their own spies and informers. In the present of their own spies and informers. In the present of their own spies and informers. In the present of the spies of their own spies and informers. In the spies of their own spies and informers in the spies of their own spies and informers. In the spies of their own spies and informers in the spies of their own spies and informers. In the spies of their own spies and informers. In the spies of the spies of their own spies and informers in the spies of the spies of their own spies and the spies of their own spies and informers and the spies of their own spies and informers in the spies of the spie



Ephraim H. Winans is now a well-known An geleño. About the year 1863 he was an itinerant preacher in the middle West; and in New Virginia. Ia., witnessed the dramatic incident the best dialect ballads in American literature. Several years later Mr. Winans was in Warsaw, Ill., the home of Hay's father. He dined at the Hay house, and afterward the family tincluding John) accompanied him to the Presbyterian Church, where he preached on "Divine Providence; Its Possibilities Under Natural Laws." His exegesis was, briefly, that Providence may work in answer to prayer, or of its own tender mercy, without miracle but wholly in accord with rational laws—chiefly through the soirit. And among other illustrations he told the story which has since (with some changes under poetic license) become the enduring. Little Breeches." In a visit this spring to Warsaw Mr. Winans secured the letter in which Hay acknowledges the source of his inspiration. This private letter tof which, even after twenty-six years, the Land of Suashine does not print the private passages) was addressed to Thomas Gregg, for many years editor of the Warsaw Signal. Hay remembers gratefully his "many acts of kindness and consideration at a time when you were a busy man, and I an inquisitive and talkative boy." and tells his old friend of his new successes. He was then the letter is dated Feb. 16, 1871/doing editorial work on the New York Tribune under Horace Greeley and writing for the Atlantic Monthly. He also mentions that "Osgood & Co, publish a book for me next summer called 'Castilian Days," which consists the Hay house, and afterward the family tinfor the Atlantic Monthly. He also mentions that "Osgood & Co, publish a book for me next summer called Castillan Pays," which consists of sketches of life and character as I saw both

and how did he peas the door which excited men could barely force! For that Mr. Winans says:

"I suppose the door may have been open when he came, and that the sheep, crowding back from where he sat, closed it; and that the rain swelled it so that it was difficult to open. At any rate, I look upon it as a Providence by natural means. We came forth with the child from the cabin singing the old long-meter doxology; and his mother and his grandbarents, weeping and praying away back in town, heard us, affil knew that all was well. And that is the true story that John Hay and his father heard in my sermon in Warsiw, the story which gave him 'Little Breeches.' He has turned the rain to snow and the Ministerial Association to a jug of molasses, and taken some minor license with the story; but it is the story of Proudfoot's little boy in lowa in 1863."

For the refreshing of those who may have forgotten, the poem follows:

I don't go much on religion,

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't nad no show:
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the hamiful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free will and that sort o' thingBut I b'ineve in God and the angels,
Ever since one night last spring. I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for rr-tty and strong;
Peart and chipper and sawy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went is for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard the little squall.
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went steam, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-solit over the prairie;
I was almost froze with skeer; I was almost froze with taken.
But we rousted up some torches,
And searched for 'em far and nes
At last we struck hosses and wago
Showed under a soft white moun
Upsot—dead best—but of little Ga
No hite nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me, Of my fellow critters' ald; I lest flopped down on my marrow bones Crotch deep in the snow and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out, And me and Isrul Parr Went off for some wood to a sheepfold That he said was somewhar than. We found it at last, and a little shed.
Where they shut up the lambs at night,
We looked in and seen them huddled that
So warm and sie-py and white;
And that sot Little Breeches and chirped,

It not think much of my poems.

They have had an enormous success - both in this curulty and Empland, but I think it will be of humanily and Empland, but I think it will be of humanily the thornester of Jim Bludso was to a certain by the thomas, the Character of Jim Bludso was to a certain start founded on Oliver Fairchild of Warsand of Course not intended for a likeness I have faporten the rol name of the boat in which he perished.

Were very sincerty Sherifay

The episode which inspired Hay was as fol-

lows:

A dark, rainy night in April, 1863 (or thereabouts; it cannot have been more than a year aside from that a district ministerial association was in session in New Virginia, Is. The Riev, Henry B. Heacock mow located somewhere

How did he get than? Angels!
He could never have walked in that storm;
They jest scooped down and toted him
To what it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And fotching him to his own.
Is a derned sight better business
Than isading around the Throne.

"From whom?" said be roughly.

"You will learn that inside." I said. "I was bidden only to say that Roberis and Guiney are good men."

"Ha!" he exclamed, and at that took the letter. On which, having done my part and not liking the neighborhood, I was for going, and had actually half turned to do so, when a man slighter than the first and taller came sharply out of the shadow behind him, and standing by his side touched his hat to me. I passed, "Good evening, my levil, he said, speaking with a sort of dignity. "I little thought to see you here on this business. It is the best news I have had myself, or have had to give to others this many a day. It shall be well represented, and the risk you run. And whatever be thought on this side, believe me at St. Germain's—

"Hush!" cried the first man, interrupting him at that rather sharply, I think before he had been too much surprised to speak. "Surely, sir." he continued, "you are too hasty. There must be a mistake here. This gentleman to whom you are speaking—

"There is no mistake. This gentleman and I know one another," the other responded, cooily, and in the tone of a man who! aware what he is doing. And then to me, and with a different air: "My lord, you may not wish to say your name aloud; that I can understand, and this is no very safe place for either of us. But if we could meet somewhere, say at—

"Hush, sir!" the man with the handkerchief cried, and this time almost angrily. "There is a mistake here, and in a moment you will say too much, if you have not said it already. This gentleman—if he is a gentleman—brings a letter from R. Fr. and is no more of a lord, I'll be sworn, than I am."

"From R. Fi"

"Yes, and therefore, if he is the person you think him—but some, sir." he continued, eying me angrily, "what is your name! End this."

I did not wish to tell him, yet liked less to refuse. So I lied, and on the spur of the moment said Charles Taylor, that being the name of the man who lived below me.

The taller man struck one hand into the other. "There! Charle "Nay, sir, I pray be quiet!" the man with the white hankerchief remonstrated. "Or if you are so certain—" and then he locked hard at me and frowned as if he began to feel doubt—"step this way and tell me what you think. This gentleman will doubtless excuse us and wait a moment, whether he be whom you think him or not."

had frowned as if he began to feel doubt—"step this way and tell me what you think. This gentleman will doubtless excuse us and wait a morrent, whether he be whom you think him or not."

I was as uneasy and as unwilling to stay as could be, but the man's tone was resolute, and I saw he was not a man to crose; so, with an ill grace. I consented, and the two, drawing aside together into the deeper shadow under the plazza, began to confer. This left me to kick my heels impactently, and watch out of the corner of my eye the lotterers under the other plazza, to learn if any observed us. Fortunately they were taken up with a quarrel which had just broken out between two hackney conchmen, and, though a man came near me, bringing a woman, he had no eyes for me, and, calling a sedan chair, went away again almost immediately.

(To be continued.)

Dog Scarce to Beath by Lightning.

Prom the Boston Herald.

A dog was frightened to death at Goahen, Conn., one day last week during a hard thunderstorm, in which lightning struck Fred Williams's house, where the dog was. The lightning rod and entered the bouse, tearing a bed to pieces and tearing off plaster and passing into another room, tearing a second bed to pieces and tearing off plaster and passing into another room, tearing a second bed to pieces. The family dog, which was always; afraid of a thunderstorm and preferred to seek a dark spot in the house until the should have the bolton of the form their manes. Mr. Woods took a hunting founded and the room, although no evidence of the boil having entered the room was found.

liev. Henry II. Heacock one oblected somewhere Tan isolate a rought between the second of the Toron.

IN THE GUMDO OF MONTANA.

A best Which Has the Navine Qualities of Girls. The Thoron O'M.

IN THE GUMDO OF MONTANA.

A best Which Has the Navine Qualities of Girls. The Thoron O'M.

In The Helium Independent.

H. M. Par hen and Henry Kitty. Everything work well on the tripout, but returning they encountered a heavy thunk easorm with a fall of rain, and in a few minutes the road was made almost impassable. The soil is thick day:

they encountered a heavy thunk easorm with a fall of rain, and in a few minutes the road was made almost impassable. The soil is thick day:

a subtance on unille guine soil is thick day;

a subtance on unille guine is the result. The wholes soon beams so weighted with the start that travel in the ways near took. He is a son of the sun of the s

Comptroller; Oliver Wolcott, Jr., of Connecticut, First Auditor; Samuel Meredith of Pennsylvania, Treasurer, and Joseph Nourse of Virginia. Register. These were the original bureaus of the Treasury Department, but from time to time, beginning in 1818, other offices or bureaus, as the exigencies of the public service required, have been added.

The old books were continued, however, from the Treasurer's office under the Hoard of Treasury into the time of the Treasury Department, but no mention is made of the change, because the Treasurer's office under the Hoard of Treasury into the time of the Treasury Department, but no mention is made of the change, because the Treasurer's office continued practically the same under the department as it did under the Board of Treasury.

The blotter shows frow the headings at the top of various pages how the Continental Congress, and consequently the Government of the republic, was compelled to move about from pince to place, and in a number of instances the books were saved from British hands by the merest checked from the trens that the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the close of the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the Course in the philadelphia at the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the Penters kept in Philadelphia at the Penters kept in P

NEWS FROM LONDON FIFTY YEARS AGO.

New York Learned of Victoria's Ascension to

From the Washington Post. On July 26, 1837, one month and six days after the death of King William IV. of England and the accession of the Princess Victoria to the throne, the Intelligencer published the

first notice of this change of rulers. The first news was meagre, very much the same sort of a skeleton story as is received in Washington now ten minutes after a lynching or railroad wreck west of the Mississippi, when the anxious correspondent is querying to know how many columns he shall wire. But that skeleton story was no query. It was the whole thing, and all that an interestested public was to get till the next packet sailed in.

It came by the packet St. James, and arrived in New York on July 24. The New York corre-

American liberty.

Clerical Slapper in Florida.

From the Key West Equator Democrat.

A young man named Lon Albury had his face alapped venterday afternoon by the Rev. B. F.

Mason. It seems that the parties had some words concerning La Brisa, when the young man made a remark which the reverend gentleman did not approve of, which resulted in the slap. The young man left for parts unknown immediately.